

"Soulja's Story" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Soulja's Story"

[2Pac (2Pac as "Soulja"):]

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja

All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me

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(They cuttin' off welfare...)

(They think crime is rising now)

(You got whites killing blacks)

(Cops killing blacks, and blacks killing blacks)

(Shit just gon' get worse)

(They just gon' become souljas)

(Straight souljas)

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[2Pac as "Soulja":]

Crack done took a part of my family tree

My momma's on the shit, my daddy split and mom is steady blaming me

Is it my fault just 'cause I'm a young black male?

Cops sweat me as if my destiny is makin' crack sales

Only fifteen and got problems

Cops on my tail, so I bail 'til I dodge 'em

They finally pull me over and I laugh

"Remember Rodney King?" and I blast on his punk ass

Now I got a murder case...

You speak of heaven punk? I never heard of the place

Wanted to come up fast, got a Uz' and a black mask

Ducking fuckin' Task, now who's the jackass?

Keep my shit cocked, 'cause the cops got a Glock too

What the fuck would you do? Drop them or let 'em drop you?

I chose droppin' the cop

I got me a Glock, and a Glock for the niggas on my block

Momma tried to stab me, I moved out

Sold a pound a weed, made G's, bought a new house

I'm only seventeen, I'm the new king

Got me a crew, bought 'em jewels, and a Uz'-thick

But all good things don't last
Task came fast, and busted my black ass
Coolin' in the pen, where the good's kept
Now my little brother wants to follow in my footsteps
A soulja

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[2Pac as the younger brother:]

Buck, buck - niggas get fucked, don't step to this
Quiet as kept I'm blessed on a quest with a death wish
Tell 'em to come and test, and arrest, nigga it's hectic
Here's the anorexic, I'm makin' it to an exit
Walking through the streets on the black tip
Packed with several gats, 'cause I'm on some pay 'em back shit
Niggas don't wanna try me, brother, you'll get shot down
Now I'm king of the block, since my bigger brother's locked down
I'm hot now, so many punk police have got shot down
Other coppers see me on the block, and they jock now
That's what I call a kingpin
Send my brother what he needs and some weed up to Sing-Sing
Tellin' him just be ready set
Pack ya shit up quick; and when I hit, be prepared to jet
Niggas from the block on the boat now
Every single one got a gun, that'll smoke - pow!
These punks about to get hit by the best
I'm wearin' double vest... so aim at my fuckin' chest
I'll be makin' straight dome calls
Touch the button on the wall, you'll be pickin' up your own balls
I can still hear my mother shout
"Hit the pen nigga -- break your bigger brother out"
I got a message for the warden
I'm comin' for ya ass, as fast as Flash Gordon
We get surrounded in the mess hall, yes y'all
A crazy motherfucker making death calls
Just bring me my brother and we leavin'
For every minute you stall, one of y'all bleedin'
They brought my brother in a jiffy
I took a cop, just in case things got tricky
And just as we was walkin' out (BANG!)
I caught a bullet in the head, the screams never left my mouth
My brother caught a bullet too
I think he gon' pull through, he deserve to
The fast life ain't everything they told ya
Never get much older, following the tracks of a soulja

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All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
Straight soulja, 1993, and forward

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